THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT.

By MARK TWAIN.

Coppright, 1893, by E. L. Clamana

CHAPTER XXL-CONTINUED. Dinner was kept waiting for a while for Miss Thompson, but as Gwendolen had not de-livered the invitation to her the waiting did no good, and the household presently went to the meal without her. Poor old Sellers tried everything his hospitable soul could devise to make the occasion an enjoyable one for the guest. and the guest tried his honest best to be cheery and chatty and happy for the old gentleman's sake; in fact, all hands worked hard in the in-terest of a mutual good time, but the thing was a failure from the start. Tracy's heart was lead in his bosom; there seemed to be only one prominent feature in the landscape, and that was a vacant chair: he couldn't drag his mind away from Gwendolen and his hard luck: consequently his distractions allowed deadly pauses to slip in every now and then when it was his turn to say something, and, of course, this disease spread to the rest of the conversation, wherefore, instead of having a breezy sail in sunny waters, as anticipated, everybody was bailing out and praying for land. What could the matter be? Tracy alone could have told: the others couldn't oven invent a

Moanwhile they were having a similarly dismal time at the Thompson house; in fact a twin experience. Gwandolon was ashamed of herself for allowing her disappointment so to depress her spirits and make her so strangely and profoundly miserable; but feeling ashemed of herself didn't improve the matter any; it only seemed to aggravate the suf-fering. She explained that she was not feeling very well, and overybody could see that and commiseration; but that didn't help the case. Nothing helps that kind of a case. It is best to just stand off and let it fester. The moment the dinner was over the girl excused berself, and she hurried home, feeling un speakably grateful to get away from that house and that intolerable suffering.

Will he be gone? The thought arose in her brain, but took effect in her heels. She slipped into the house, threw off her things, and made straight for the dining room. She stopped and listened. Her father's voice—with no life in it; presently her mother's—no life in that; a considerable vacancy, then a sterilo remark from Washington Hawkins. Another silence: then, not Tracy's, but her father's voice again. "He's gone," she said to herself, despair-ingly, and listlessly opened the door and

stepped within.
"Why, my child," cried the mother, "how white you are. Are you—has anything —" "White?" exclaimed Sellers. "It's gone like a flash; 'twasn't serious. Already she's as red as the soul of a watermelon. Sit down, dear, sit down-goodness knows you're welcome. Did you have a good time? great times here-immense. Why didn't Miss Belle come? Mr. Tracy is not feeling well. and she'd have made him forget it."

She was content now, and out fro m her happy eyes there went a light that told a secret to another pair of eyes there, and got a secret in return. In just that infinitely small frac-tion of a second those two great confessions were made, received, and perfectly under-stood. All anxiety, apprehension, uncertainty vanished out of these young people's hearts, and left them filled with a great peace.

Sellers had the most confident faith that with the new reenforcement victory would be at this last moment snatched from the jaws of defeat, but it was an error. The talk was as stubbornly disjointed as ever. He was proud of Gwendolen, and liked to show her off, even against Miss Belle Thompson, and here had been a great opportunity, and what had she made of it? He felt a good deal put out. It vexed him to think that this Englishman, with the travelling Briton's everlasting disposition to generalise whole mountain ranges from single sample grains of sand, would jump to the conclusion that American girls were as dumb as himself-generalizing the whole tribe from this single sample, and she at her poorest, there being nothing at that table to in spire her, give her a start, keep her from going to sleep. He made up his mind that, for the honor of the country, he would bring these two together again over the social board be-

time, he judged. He said to himself, with a deep sense of injury: "He'll put in his diarythey all keep diaries-he'll put in his diary that she was miraculously uninterestingdear, dear, but wasn't she-I never saw the like and yet looking as beautiful as Satan. too-and couldn't seem to do anything but paw bread crumbs and pick flowers to pieces and look fidgety. And it isn't any better here in the Hall of Audience. I've had enough: I'll haul down my flag; the others may fight it out

if they want to." He shook hands all around and went off to do some work which he said was pressing. The idolaters were the width of the room apart, and apparently unconscious of each other's presence. The distance got shortened a little now. Very soon the mother withdrew. The distance narrowed again. Tracy stood before a chromo of some Ohio politician which had been retouched and chain-mailed for a erusading Bossmore, and Gwendolen was sitting on the sofa not far from his elbow, artificially absorbed in examining a photograph album that hadn't any photographs in it.

The "Senator" still lingered. He was sorry for the young people; it had been a dull even ing for them. In the goodness of his heart he tried to make it pleasant for them now; tried to remove the ill impression necessarily left by the general defeat; tried to be chatty, even tried to be gay. But the responses were sickly; there was no starting any enthusiasm; he would give it up and quit-it was a day specially : loked out and consecrated to failures.

But when Gwendolen rose up promptly and smiled a giad smile, and said with thankruiness and blessing. "Must you go?" it seemed eruel to desert, and he sat down again.

He was about to begin a remark when—when he didn't. We have all been there. He didn't know how he knew his concluding to stay longer had been a mistake; he merely knew it and he knew it for dead cortain, too. And so he bade good night, and went mooning out, wondering what he could have done that changed the atmosphere that way. As the door closed behind him the etwe were standing side by side. looking at the door-looking at it in a waiting, second-counting, but deeply grateful kind of way. And the instant it closed they and there, heart to heart and lip to lip-

"Oh, my God. she's kissing it!"

Nobo ly heard this remark because Hawkins, who bred it, only thought it; he didn't utter it. He had turned the moment he had closed the door, and had pushed it open a littie, intending to reduter and ask what ill-ad vised thing he had done or said, and apologise for it. But he didn't reenter: he staggered off stunned, terrified, distressed.

CHAPTER XXIL

Five minutes later he was sitting in his room with his head bowed within the circle of his arms on the table—final attitude of grief and despair. His tears were flowing fast, and now and then a sob broke upon the stillness. Presently he said:

'I knew her when she was a little child and used to climb about my knees. I love her as I love my own and now, oh, poor thing, poor thing. I cannot bear it—she's gone and lost her heart to this mangy materializer. Why didn't we see that that might happen? But how could we? Nobody could. Nobody could ever have dreamed of such a thing. You with a waxwork, and this one doesn't even amount to that." He went on grieving to himself, and now and

then giving voice to his lamentations.
"It's done, oh. it's done, and there's no help for it, no undoing the miserable business. If I had the nerve I would kill it. But that wouldn't do any good. She loves it: she thinks it's genuine and authentic. If she lost it she ild grieve for it just as she would for a real person. And who's to break it to the family! Not I—I'll die first. Sellers is the best human being I ever knew, and I wouldn't any more think of oh, dear, why it'll break his heart when he finds it out. And Polly's, too. This comes of meddling with such infernal matters! But for this the creature would still be roasting in sheel, where it belongs. How is it that these people don't smell the brimstone? Sometimes I can't come into the same room with him without nearly suffocating."

After a while he broke out again: Well, there's one thing, sure. The materializing has got to stop right where it is. If she's got to marry a spectre, let her marry a decent one out of the middle ages, like this one, not a cowboy and a thief such as this protoniasmic technole's going to turn into if Sellers keeps on fussing at it. It costs \$5,000 cash, and shuts down on the company to stop the works at this point, but Sally Sellers's happiness is worth more than that."

He heard Sellers coming, and got himself

to rights. Sellers took a seat and said:
"Well. I've got to confess I'm a good deal puzzled. It did certainly eat, there's no getting around it. Not eat exactly, either, but it nibbled-nibbled in an appetiteless way, but still it nibbled, and that's just a marvel. Now the question is. What does it do with those nibblings? That's it. What does it do with them? My idea is that we don't begin to know all there is to this stupendous discovery yet. But time will show-time and science. Give

u .a chance, and don't get impatient." But he couldn't get Hawkins interested: couldn't make him talk to amount to anysion, but at last he took a turn that arrested Hawkins's attention.

"I'm coming to like him. Hawkins. He is a person of stupendous character-absolutely gigantic. Under that placid exterior is conealed the most daredevil spirit that was ever put into a man-he's just a Clive over again. Yes. I'm all admiration for him, on account of his character, and liking naturally follows admiration, you know. I'm coming to like him immensely. Do you know I haven't the heart to degrade such a character as that down to the burglar estate for money or for anything else? and I've come to ask you if you are willing to let the reward go and leave this poor fellow-Where he is ?"

"Yes-not bring him down to date." "Oh, there's my hand; and my heart's in it,

"I'll never forget you for this, Hawkins," said the old gentleman, in a voice which he found it hard to control. "You are making a great sacrifice for me, and one which you can ill afford, but I'll never forget your generosity. and if I live you shall not suffer for it, be sure of that.'

Sally Sellers immediately and vividly realized that she was become a new being; a being of a far higher and worthler sort than she had been such a little while before; an earnest being, in place of a dreamer; and supplied with a reason for her presence in the world. where merely a wistful and troubled curiosity about it had existed before. So great and so comprehensive was the change which had been wrought that she seemed to herself to be a real person who had lately been a shadow; a something which had lately been a nothing: a purpose which had lately been a fancy; a finished *ample, with the altar-fires lit and the voice of worship ascending, where before had been but an architect's confusion of arid working plans, unintelligible to the passing eye and

prophesying nothing.
"Lady" Gwendolen! The pleasantness of that sound was all gone; it was an offence to her ear now. She said:
"There—that sham belongs to the past; I

will not be called by it any more."

"I may call you simply Gwendolen! You will allow me to drop the formalities straight-way and name you by your dear first name without additions ?"

She was dethroning the pink, and replacing it with a rosebud.

"There-that is better. I hate pink-some pinks. Indeed yes, you are to call me by my first name without additions-that is-well. I don't mean without additions entirely, but

pause; his intellect was struggling to compre-hend; presently it did manage to catch the idea in time to save embarrassment all around.

and he said, gracefully: "Dear Gwendolen! I may say that?" Yes-part of it. But-don't kiss me when I am talking; it makes me forget what I was going to say. You can call me by part of that

form, but not the last part. Gwendolen is not my name." 'Not your name?" This in a tone of wonder and surprise.

The girl's soul was suddenly invaded by a creepy apprehension, a quite definite sense of suspicion and alarm. She put his arms away

from her, looked him searchingly in the eye

and said: "Answer me truly, on honor. You are not seeking to marry me on account of my rank?" The shot almost knocked him through the wall he was so little prepared for it. There was something so finely grotesque about the question and its parent suspicion, that he he saved from laughing. Then, without wasting precious time, he set about the task of convincing her that he had been lured by herhad finished there was gladness in her heart-

self alone, and had fallen in love with her only, not her title and position; that he loved her with all his heart, and could not love her more if she were a duchess, or tess if she were without home, name or family. She watched his face wistfully, eagerly, hopefully, translating his words by its expression; and when he a tumultuous gladness, indeed, though outwardly she was calm. tranquil. even judicially austere. She prepared a surprise for him now calculated to put a heavy strain upon those disinterested protestations of his, and thus she delivered it, burning it away word by word, as the fuse burns down to a bombshell, and watching to see how far the explosion would

"Listen, and do not doubt me, for I shall speak the exact truth. Howard Tracy, I am no more an earl's child than you are !" To her joy, and secret surprise, also, it never

phased him. He was ready this time and saw his chance. He cried out with enthuslasm: "Thank heaven for that!" and gathered her

to his arms. To express her happiness was almost beyond

her gift of speech.
"You make me the proudest girl in all the earth." she said, with her head pillowed on his shoulder. "I thought it only natural that you should be dazzled by the title-maybe even unconsciously, you being English-and that

you might be deceiving yourself in thinking you only loved me, and find you didn't love me when the deception was swept away; so it makes me proud that the revelation stands for nothing, and that you do love just me, only me-oh, prouder than any words can tell!" "It is only you, sweetheart, I never gave one envring glance toward your father's earl-

dom. That is utterly true, dear Gwendolen."
"There—you mustn't call me that I hate
that false name. I told you it wasn't mine. My name is Sally Sellers—or Sarah, if you like. From this time I banish dreams, visions, imaginings, and will no more of them. I am going to be myself-my genuine self. my honest self, my natural self, clear and clean of sham and folly and fraud, and worthy of you. There is no grain of social inequality between us: I. like you, am poor: I. like you, am without position or distinction; you are a strug-gling artist; I am that, too, in my humbler way. Our bread is honest bread; we work for our living. Hand in hand we will walk hence to the grave, helping each other in all ways, living for each other, being and remaining one

in heart and purpose, one in hope and aspiration, inseparable to the end. And though our place is low, judged by the world's eye, we will make it as high as the highest in the essen-

AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS. tials of honest work for what we eat and wear and conduct above reproach. We live in a land, let us be thankful, where this is all-sufficient, and no man is better than his neighbor, by the grace of God, but only by his own merit." Tracy tried to break in. but she stopped him When Capt. Grant was descending the Nile. and kept the floor herself.
"I am not through yet. I am going to purge after Speke and he had surveyed the great

myself of the last vestiges of artificiality and pretence, and then start fair on your own honest level and be worthy mate to you thenceforth. My father honestly thinks he is an earl. Well, leave him his dream! it pleases him and does no one any harm. It was the dream of his ancestors before him. It has made fools of the house of Sellers for genthrough them on these camels we could not touch the roof with our spears; and people live in them. One of these caves is 400 yards wide, and it took us from sunrise till noon to erations, and it has made something of a fool of me, but took no deep root. I am done march through it, and we came out of the hill with it now and for good. Forty-eight hours on the other side." ago I was privately proud of being the daughter of a pinchbeck earl, and thought the proper mate for me must be a man of like degree: but to-day-oh, how grateful I am for your love, which has healed my sick

oath that no earl's son in all the world-" Why, you look like a person in a panie

brain and restored my sanity-I could make

why, you look like a person in a panish what is it? What is the matter?"

"Matter? Oh. nothing—nothing. I was only going to say—" But in his flurry noth-ing occurred to him to say for a moment; then, by a lucky inspiration, he thought of something entirely sufficient for the occasion and brought it out with eloquent force: "Oh. how beautiful you are! You take my breath away when you look like that."

It was well conceived, well timed, and cordially delivered, and it got its reward.
"Let me see. Where was I? Yes, my father's earldom is pure moonshine. Look at those dreadful things on the wall-you have, of course, supposed them to be portraits of his ancestors. Earls of Rossmore. Well, they are not. They are chromos of distinguished Americans-all moderns; but he has carried them back a thousand years by relabelling them. Andrew Jackson there is doing what he can to be the late American earl, and the newest treasure in the collection is supposed to be the young English heir—I mean the idiot with the crape; but in truth it's a shoemaker.

"Are you sure?"
"Why, of course I am. He wouldn't look like that." Why ?"

and not Lord Berkeley at all."

"Because his conduct in his last momenta when the fire was sweeping around him, shows that he was a man. It shows that he was a fine, high-souled young creature."

Tracy was strongly moved by these compliments, and it seemed to him that the girl's lovely lips took on a new loveliness when they were delivering them. He said, softly:
"It is a pity he could not know what a gracious impression his behavior was going to leave with the dearest and sweetest stranger in the

"Oh, I almost loved him! Why, I think of him every day. He is always floating about in my mind." Tracy felt that this was a little more than

was necessary. He was conscious of the sting of jealousy. He said:
"It is quite right to think of him-at least now and then—that is at intervals—in perhaps an admiring way, but it seems to me that -"Howard Tracy, are you jealous of that

He was ashamed-and at the same time not ashamed. He was jealous-and at the same time he was not jeaious. In a sense the dead man was himself: in that case compliments and affection lavished upon that corpse went into his own till and were clear profit. But in another sense the dead man was not himself; and in that case all compliments and affection lavished there were wasted, and a sufficient basis for jealousy. A tiff was the result of the dispute between the two. They made it up. and were more loving than ever. As an affectionate clincher of the reconciliation Sally declared that she had now banished Lord Berke-ley from her mind, and added: "And, in order to make sure that he shall never make trouble between us again. I will teach myself to detest that name and all that have borne it or ever

shall bear it." This inflicted another pang, and Tracy was minded to ask her to modify that a little-just on general principles and as practice in not overdoing a good thing-but thought perhaps It was as far as she could get. There was a he might better leave things as they were and not risk bringing on another tiff. He got away from that particular and sought tender ground for conversation.

"I suppose you disapprove of aristocracies and nobilities, now that you have renounced your title and your father's earldom." "Real ones? Oh. dear. no. but I've thrown

aside our sham one for good." This answer fell just at the right time and just in the right place to save the poor unstable young man from changing his political complexion once more. He had been on the point of beginning to totter again, but this prop shored him up and kept him from floundering back into democracy and re-renounce ing aristocracy. So he went home glad that he had asked the fortunate question. The girl would accept a little thing like a genuine earldom; she was merely prejudiced against the brummagen article. Yes, he could have his girl and have his earldom, too; that question

was a fortunate stroke. Sally went to bed happy, too; and remained happy, deliriously happy, for nearly two hours; but at last, just as she was sinking into a contented and luxurious unconsciousness, the shady devil who lives and lurks and hides and watches inside of human beings, and is always waiting for a chance to do the proprietor malicious damage, whispered to her soul

"That question had a harmless look, but

what was back of it?—what was the secre motive of it?—what suggested it?" The shady devil had knifed her, and could retire now and take a rest; the wound would

attend to business for him. And it did.
Why should Howard Tracy ask that question? If he was not trying to marry her for

tion? If he was not trying to marry her for the sake of her rank, what should suggest that question to him? Didn't he plainly look gratified when she said her objections to aristocracy had their limitations? Ah. he is after that eardom, that gilded sham—it isn't poor me he wants.

So she argued, in anguish and tears. Then she argued the opposite the ry, but made a weak, poor business of it, and lost the case. She kept the arguing up, one side and then the other, the rest of the night, and at last fell asleep in the dawn; fell in the fire at dawn, one night say; for that kind of sleep resembles fire, and one comes out of it with his brain baked and his physical forces fried out of him.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

PIREFLIES FROM CUBA. Experimenting With the Light They Give. the Chespent in the World.

Experimenting With the Light They Give, the Cheupest in the World.

From the Washington Star.

Secretary Langley of the Smithsonian Institution has been experimenting for some time past with fireflies from Cuba. He says that the light they give is the "cheapest" in the world produced, that is to say, with the least heat and the smallest expenditure of energy; and he believes that a successful imitation of it would prove a most profitable substitute for gas and electricity. The insects are beetles two indues long and belong to the family of "snapping bugs," so called because when one of them is laid on its back it snaps itself into the air with a clicking sound.

The secret of the light this firefly gives is as yet undiscovered. Apparently it is connected in some way with the mysterious phenomens of life, and chemists and physicists have sought in vain the explain its origin. On each side other animal's thorax is a luminous membraners spot, and those flash at intervals, so that the Cubans put a dozen of the insects in a cage together, and so obtain a continuous illumination oright enough to read by. This light is accompanied by no perceptible heat, and is seemingly produced with almost no expenditure of snergy. How great an improvement it represents upon all known artificial lights on be imagined when it is stated that in candelight, lamplight, or gaslight the waste is more than the per cent. In other words, if they could be so obtained as not to throw entything away, they would give nearly 100 times the illumination light is mostly waste.

CAVE DWELLERS IN AFRICA.

LATE DISCOVERIES ABOUT THEM

Explorers Forbidden to Enter the Caves in the Hills of Katasga-Cave Dwellings Near the Mediterraness-The Tibbus of the Sahara and Sushmen of South Africa.

Victoria Nyanza, he met some native travellers who said to him:
"The most remarkable country in Africa is way down in Katanga. It is the place where copper comes from, and there are great caves in the hills, so high that if we were riding

It was thirty years ago that Capt. Grant heard this remarkable story. It is a curious coincidence that during the very week of his death. last month, there came to Brussels the pre-liminary report of Lieut. Le Marinel announcing that he had visited the caves of Katanga

and seen the people who inhabit them. He

three sides of them live inveterate enemies who covet their woman and camels. They are the bravest of fighters and can hold their own, but they wage war on all the world, and the white race is in the category of their enemies. The result is that we know very little of their country. Nachtigal visited only its northern part. Their mountains are supposed to run north and south about 300 miles, but the breadth of these ranges is not known. On the east no enemy affronts them; for, looking toward Meeca they can see only the reliew sands of the Libyan Desert, the most forbidding and terrible waste in the world.

One of the most remarkable stories that Joseoh Thomson had to tell when he came home from his trip through Masailand was of the great Mount Eigon, not far from the northeast corner of Victoria Nyanza, and its artificial caves, extraordinary in number and vast in extent. These caves, he said, were out out of very compact volcanie agglomerate near the base of the mountain, and they were occupied by whole villages, with their cattle. They were so big that hundreds of people and large herds could live in them. Thomson believed that they were mines in some past aga. The works were evidently too vast to be achieved that they were mines in some past aga. The works were evidently too vast to be achieved that they may be impressions of these caves were could formerly have occupied this region.

Thomson's impressions of these caves were somewhat modified by the studies of Mears. Jackson and Gedge in 1883, six years after Thomson's visit. They found inhabited caves at an elevation of 7,500 feet. One of them contained thirty large huts. There were other cave villages further down the mountain as well as its base. The later explorers believe that these are natural caves. They saw noth-



BUSHMEN AT THE MOUTH OF THEIR CAVE.

approached these hills, which rise about 5,000 feet above the sea, from the northwest. Another explorer, Mr. Arnot, has visited them from the south, and both sides of these little mountain ranges are found to be detted with the mouths of caverns, the dark homes of some thousands of people.

Le Marinel says these troglodytes are known as the Bena-Kambabo. Many of their caves are not inhabited, but are simply places of refuge. The openings are so carefully hidder among the rocks or in the underbrush that it is hardly possible to find them; but scores of inhabited caves are scattered like rabbit warrens along the flanks of the hills and can be seen from a distance. The people have been a thorn in the fiesh of King Msiri, one of the most powerful native rulers in Africa. The troglodytes alone among his subjects have for years defied his tax gatherers. The King's army several times marched against them in vain. When their hills were invaded the people simply retreated into the bowels of the earth. Interior passages connect their caves, and they can come to the light again far from the place where they vanished into the blackness of their underground homes. Le Marinel says, however, that Msiri has at last thoroughly cowed his rebellious subjects. They pay him tribute now, though there is little for the taxgatherers to collect, because theKing left them hardly a goat when he conquered them.

scendants of the Herodotus wrote.



WHERE THE CAVE DWELLERS ARE FOUND. dwellers live, may be seen on the accompanying map. They are among the loftiest and oldest parts of tropical Africa. Water sometimes freezes in the night. Le Marinel says he Bena-Kabambo are the most ferocious savages he ever met. They are afraid the secrets of their grottoes will be fathomed, and

the explorer was not permitted to enter them. Arnot had the same experience on the south side of the hills. He ingered in the neighborhood for days, fed the multitude on hippopotami and antelope and won their friendship, but no bribe tempted them to admit him to their subterranean retreats. He was permitted only to peer in at the openings, where the wails had the appearance of pumice stone. No one yet knows how large they are, Arnot says, however, that one of the caves has two mouths, the distance between the openings being live miles. Water flows from many of the openings. There is little doubt that they are natural caves, produced by erosion, and some of them, perhaps, artificially enlarged and counceted. Scattered all over this rugged region live these natives, in the largest caves used as the abode of man, herding flocks in their retreats, tilling milet fields in the valleys below. They are always alert to detect sign of the their foes, they are not always along the season of the fields in the valleys below. They are always along the them to the northern part of the map, we find two centres of troglodylic habitations, not far from the Mediterranean coast. It seems strange that within a short distance of the sea there are regions still unexplored.

It may be that the cave dwellings which capt. Lyons said he found four days' march southwest of Tripol in 1821 no longer exist. At any rate nothing has been written of them for many years. But a little further west, in Tunis, only forty miles from the sea. French soldiers discovered two years ago the largest villages of cave dwellers known in modern times. They have since been visited by several explorers, including Mr. Hamy, the anthropologist. The people are called the Matmatmas, and their two villages, in parallel valleys, contain about 4,000 people. You might enter one of these valleys and not know until you were right upon the caves that a human being lived there, a part of the populace, of her beach of the enternation of the enternation of the beach of the e

ing to suggest that they could possibly be the work of man. They found evidence also that years ago the natives lived on the plain in ordinary villages, using the caves at times as a place of refuge from their enemies, until finally they made them their permanent abode. A remarkable mountain is Eigon, its top, even under the tropical sun, nearly reaching the snow line, and its green sides indented with deep pockets—the homes of hundreds of human beings.

Scattered over the western part of the Kalahari Desert in South Africa are the famous Bushmen, who welcome the discovery of a spacious cave as one of the greatest of earthly blessings. Very few of them live in huts; caverns are the home they prefer; and when in their wanderings they fail to find caves, they enlarge holes dug by animals, into which they craw. They live so far from the equator that they regard it as a luxury to go to sleep upon the warm ashes from the fire that has cooked their evening meal. These miserable little people may well compete with some of the native Australians for the distinction of being at the bottom of the scale of humanity. The translation of the name of Boers applied to them means "inferior beings."

These are all the cave dwellers as yet known in Africa. It is noteworthy that, with the exception of the Mount Eigon natives, they are believed to be the aborigines of the regions they inhabit. The people in the big cave villages near the Mediterranean are of nearly pure Berber stock; the Tibbus are Berber with some admixture of negro blood; the Katanga cave dwellers were certainly earlier possessors of the land they inhabit than the people who now lord it over them; and the Bushmen are closely allied to the dwarf tribes of the equatorial regions who anthropologists believe were in possession long before the people with whom they now live entered the country. There is little doubt that the porthern troglodytes are among the descendants of the cave dwellers of whom Herodotus wrote.

OBSEQUIES OF KING JA-JA. Remarkable Scenes of Savage Grief.

From the Liverpool Post. At a time when we read of the funeral rites of Ata time when we read of the funeral rites of several great men who have been prominently before the English people, it may be of interest to know something of the last honors paid by his people to one who in his time received no small share of attention both in his own country and hero-the black King Ja-Ja of Opobo, West Africa. It will be remembered that he died at Teneriffe when returning to his own country, whither he had been permitted to go by the Government. His people urgently asked for his body, which there was much difficulty in obtaining, as he was buried in a place under Spanish jurisdiction, which does not permit the removal of the dead under a considerable interval. By the efforts and influence

ence of the Consul-General of the Oil livere Protectorate. Major Macdonald, this rule was set aside, and the steamer Beain brought the king's remains to Opobo.

The body was in four cases, two of wood, one of tin, and one of lend. As soon as it was known the stoamer had arrived all the chiefs of the town and district came with their followers in their big canoes, attired in their body was in the stoamer had arrived all the chiefs of the town and district came with their followers in their big canoes, attired in their body of the town and district came with their body. The outer cannot flags flying from the coffin, which was then wrapped in many folds of costly silk breeade and placed in a large canoe, with Ja-Ja's brilliant State umbrella erected over it, and guarded by two chiefs of his house. The big canoe then headed the crowd of others, and proceeded up the river. All native trade was stopped, and the last flye weeks have with the company of the co

NATURNA ... IMMEASURABLE UNUSED POROR

Bewildering Prospect of its Control Raised by the Electrical Discoveries of Nicola Tesla, From the Nindteenth Century,

On Wednesday, the 3d of February, the Royal Institution was crowded with one of the most critical scientific audiences in the world, who were held spellbound for more than two hours while Mr. Tesla gave an account of his discoveries. Mr. Tesla is a young electrician born at Rieka, on the border of Montenegro, and now domiciled in America. The interest of the lecture lay, not in the beautiful experiments with which it was illustrated, nor in the actual facts put forward, but in the hope which it held out that we may now draw back a little further the veil which hides one of the most fascinating mysteries of nature, namely the relations between light and electricity, and between matter and motion.

The tendency of modern science is to remove day by day the barriers between its different branches. Our views of the phenomena of light and heat, of electricity and magnetism. and even of matter and motion, are rapidly merging into one general theory of molecular physics, which is perhaps best expressed by the vortex theory of Sir William Thomson.

According to this theory the whole of every part of space is filled with a fluid called ether, almost infinitely thin, and almost infinitely

The Bridegreem's Resolve.

Prom the Washington Post.

They sat on a rain-sodden bench in the Smithsonian grounds, evidently a newly married couple. The weather was cold, but their love was warm, and the palpitation of their hearts kept time with their chattering teeth. Her eyes were blue as was her nose. One manly arm encircled her siender waist, while the other uphold an umbrella. The rain drops gently trickling down their soines did not serve to cool their ardor in the least, and every shiver seemed to cement them more closely together.

"It's awfully nice out here in the park," she murmured. "It hink Washington is a lovely city for a wedding tour, don't you dear?"

"Ies, darling," he replied, in an abstracted manner, "I shall always come here in the future."

And then a great, solid chunk of coolness comed suddenly to come between them.

NAPOLEONS OF DRAW POKER HOW TOM BOWEN WON ALL THE

SCRIP OF HINSDALE COUNTY. The Entire Indebtedness of Two Colorade Countles Staked in a Game-An All Night

Stiting in Which the Puture Solon Displayed that Prowess with Which He Afterward Conquered in Washington, From the Koness City Flora.
Probably the most unequal poker game that ever occurred in Colorado was one played in 1875 between Gen. Tom Bowen, afterward United States Senator, and Capt. W. H. Green. Clerk of Hinsdale county. The total county indebtedness of the two counties of Hinsdale

and Rio Grande was involved, the stakes being the outstanding warrants of both counties. Gen. Bowen, whose fame as a poker player reaches from Little Rock to Denver and from Denverto Washington, had recently come from Arkansas and settled down into the practice of aw in the little, half agricultural, half mining town of Del Norte, the county seat of Rio Grande. His fallure to secure the United States Senatorship from Arkansas had bankrupted his fortunes, but had not dimmed his ambition. He was a tolerably fair lawyer and a much better politician, but his skill at draw poker eclipsed all his other qualities. After-

searches of Clerk Staven have demonstrated shoots berond drubt that the same sheet and staven the starth size carries have a search and carried the starth size carries have a search and magnetic induction which follows the start of the sta

Electionsering With "Ten Nights a s Bar-From the Minnespolis Tribune.

FERGUS FALLS. Minn., March 5.—The village of Ashby is in a great state of excitement over the coming election on account of the license question. The temperance people presented the play. "Ted Nights in a Barroom." less aight with a view to influencing votes.